VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 22, 1904. NUMBER 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

UNDER THE HOLLY-BOUGH.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly-bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow:
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the holly-bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast fading year;
Ye with o'erburdened mind
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly-bough.

—*Charles Mackay.*

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THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

A CARD.

"Why don't you let us know how it is getting along?"

In answer to this oft-repeated demand I am glad to report that the building has been steadily approaching completion. There have been the usual delays and hitches, but there has never been a working day since the work was fairly begun, in June, 1903, when the men have not been busy "on the job." The exterior is finished and is justifying its plainness, solidity and honesty. The heat is on, and the carpenters are now at work putting on the "trim." The floors, seats and shelving are yet to come.

We might occupy it earlier, but we do not want to move in the winter, and 'tis best to get good and ready. Fitting dedicatory services will be held in the pleasant days of May.

I am glad to report that the enemy is still in front, where we mean to keep him. All bills are paid to date. In round numbers about $80,000 has been paid out. There are about $5,000 of uncollected subscriptions on, and the "Old Stand" is as yet an unrealized asset. We are still in quest for more money, much more in the way of maintenance fund, special endowments and, say, $20,000 for the final completion fund.

I have in bank $107 to the credit of the "Unity Fund," which has come from friends of the Unity household and has been previously acknowledged in these columns. There are special things which I should like to do and put to the credit of the "Unity Fund."

I present no claim or plan. But I am glad in this way to thank all the friends who have helped and to say that I am prepared to be thankful for any further help that may come.

In the spirit of Christmas this report is blithely rendered.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

All Souls Church, Chicago, Dec. 20, 1904.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904. NUMBER 17

Birth.

God thought—
A million blazing words were wrought!

God will'd—
Earth rose, while all Creation thrill'd!

God spoke—
And in The Garden love awoke!

God smiled—
Lo, in the mother's arms, a child!

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

UNITY greets its readers with a Merry Christmas and trusts that our Christmas message will be discovered on many pages of this issue. We plead for a thoughtful Christmas. True joy is not possible to the foolish. Much is being said in many quarters about the "chill of rationalism, cold reason, unfeeling religion." All these things are bad enough, but not so bad as a frivolous piety, a senseless religion. A man without a head is as deplorable a sight, to say the least, as a man without a heart. The truth of it is, neither is possible, and a great heart implies a clear head. So Christmas, above all seasons, should be the season for calm reflection, deliberate trust, a reasonable appreciation of the past, and a heroic facing of the future. Sentimentality must not be mistaken for sentiment, nor hilarity for joy by those who would know the full joys of the Christmas time.

Again we bid our readers a Merry, Merry Christmas!

A Toledo paper is unkind enough to suggest that a recent cut of from three to five cents in the price paid the producer for crude oil, while the finished product is kept at the old price, will easily net another million dollars for the benefit of the University of Chicago. It is unfortunate that a great and noble institution like the University of Chicago should be compelled to depend on a backing so much challenged in the ethical world. It will take much academic study to settle the delicate ethical questions involved. Where rests the responsibility? Who is the guilty man? Does the end justify the means? These are some of the questions suggested by the *Despatch*.

Lyman Abbott last Sunday, by suggesting that he was going to say something heretical, succeeded in starting a sensational wave that swept across the country, but the good Doctor did not succeed in saying anything that was at all new, much less shocking, to the intelligent student of religion or the progressive minister of the same. The only surprising thing in the sermon is the fact that the editor of the *Outlook* seemed to be under the impression that he was saying daring if not audacious things. We had supposed that Dr. Abbott had been holding these views for a long time and we supposed everybody knew it; we are surprised that it seems so fresh to many minds.

Rev. W. J. Dawson of London recently preached in Plymouth Congregational Church of Brooklyn, and, as quoted in the *Advocate of Peace*, struck the high notes of bold leadership when he charged false patriotism as the fertile source of war. The jeer and the gibe, the diligent business of exposing the vices of other nations and flaunting the superiority of our own, has wasted uncounted millions in war-like preparations and national extravagance. Our English neighbor, with a courage worthy the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher, goes further and asks,

"Why not an United States of Europe and America, or, if you like, of America and Europe? English, American, French, German, Australian, Italian, Spanish and Russian are all of one blood; they have common learning; share common institutions; have a common faith, yet divided are suspicious of each other and bitterly hostile; and why? Because the arrogance of false patriotism is constantly fermenting strife and misunderstandings."

Many of our readers have followed with keen interest the development of the negro problem in connection with Berea College, Kentucky, whose doors are now closed to colored students by a special act of the last state legislature, which makes it a crime to educate a colored student in the same college with whites. The history of this reactionary and disgraceful law is clearly set forth in the October number of the *Berea Quarterly*, which can doubtless be obtained by enclosing thirty cents to the publishing office at Berea, Ky. We believe with the writer of this article that "The law is one which in the interest of all humanity should be swept from the statutes." But we go further than the writer of this article in affirming our belief that once the law is swept from the statute books, it becomes the duty of Berea to resume its old work on the old lines, not because there is any inherent advantage in co-education, certainly not in compulsory co-education, not but that there should be abundant educational privileges provided for the colored people who may prefer to bide apart while the bitterness and narrowness of race prejudice abides, but because we believe this is an object lesson too valuable to be lost, a precedent of things attained and a prophecy of still higher things to be attained by the emancipation of the human soul from narrowness, whether that narrowness be the dogmatism of creed, of party or of race distinction. Science, religion, political economy and social purity all unite in affirming that

"A man's a man for a' that and a' that."

The Unitarian Club of San Francisco at its recent meeting exploited the ethical value of California scenery. President Jordan was quoted as saying: "There should be but one bidder for the Calaveras Grove, viz., the people of the United States. The possession of so many beauties of nature carries with it the duties of preserving and if possible enhancing them for future generations." This is high business for ministers, but not much can be obtained by minister or layman in the way of enhancing common wealth in these directions while their meetings are rimmed around with denominational names. When the ministers of San Francisco, irrespective of names, take hold of a great park scheme or any other worthy enterprise looking towards the enrichment and ennobling of the entire community, they will find that the old-time leadership of the minister is still a possibility. The first problem of ministers is to concern themselves with great corporate interests, and the next problem is to get themselves together. In these matters, divided forces mean dissipated energies, but the responsibility of the division rests with the excluding parties. When the theological cause for exclusion is gone, as it has gone in the minds of the great bulk of the progressive and so-called new orthodox elements, the continued aloofness on the part of these brethren from those with whom they hold so much in common changes its base. From being that of intellectual narrowness it is in danger of becoming a matter of spiritual timidity,—dare we say a lack of moral courage? Where real differences exist let them be respected, but where the differences are simply traditional or imaginary, what is the duty of the honest man?

The article in the *World's Work* on the alleged decline in the ministry is differently interpreted by different people. Evidently the writer thinks there is not much reason to be disturbed; others will think the answers of the twenty "successful pastors" ominous, to say the least. These twenty were asked whether they would select the work of the ministry were they to live their lives over again. Seven answered "yes;" three were undecided; nine gave an emphatic "no," and one would preach again if he could "avoid being ordained." This is the man that society needs to reckon with. It is in the interest of this man that we protest against the pious trammels that still in too many cases hobble the preacher. The persecuting fires, even the fretting heresy-hunters, are largely of the past. What of the situation of the man who can still enjoy the life and prosperity that belong to "a good parish" and "a good living," if he does not speak too plainly the conclusions he arrived at in the Study? We know it is ungracious even to insinuate that such fetters exist, but it was the invisible thread, soft as silk and as slender that successfully tied the wolf, Fenrir, of Scandinavian mythology. Is there a place for a young man whose heart yearns for the ministry of religion, for which he was designed by his parents and by nature, but who is kept out of the ministry by this very dread of ordination and all it implies? We are not asking in the interest of an abstraction; we know of a case in point; a man who is a shepherd of souls, a minister of religion by indirection, and would love to be so directly, were it not for the menacing circumference expressed or implied in all denominational affiliations. There is no denominational badge at the present time that does not, to the community, carry with it a connotation that excludes or at least divides the community on unreal and unimportant lines. What is to become of our young man?

Books.

Christmas and books are inseparable. Christmas books we are a little wary of; they belong to the ephemera. That book, however beautifully made, that is not good for every day in the year, is scarcely worth buying, and still the most expert Christmas shopper gravitates to the book store. So the editorial "we," remembering that the weekly demand for "copy" is a Christmas event, looks to his bookshelf.

And first he encounters the perplexing stack of the things that have come over the Rocky Mountains. We hope they are making profitable business out of the ridiculous over there in San Francisco; certainly the manufacture of fun has grown to be a serious business with Paul Elder and Company, and it may be necessary to call in the modern legal invention of an injunction to suppress them, for they kill a lot of time. They are daring printers over there; they venture all kinds of experiments in type, paper and binding, and then the editing is most daring. Here is a tantalizing atrocity called "Fairy Tales Up to Now,"[1] We do not like parodies; we resent this disillusion of "Cinderella," "Babes in the Wood," and the rest of them, but we read it just the same.

Then here is a little book full of "Toasts",[2] which would indicate that after-dinner speaking has come to be a fine art and banqueting a chronic habit. This book certainly has been made to sell. If one could take this book one page at a time, it might be a boon, but he won't; he will keep on reading until he feels silly, and then he will scarcely stop.

Talking of banquets, here are two books of recipes, "One Hundred and One Beverages and One Hundred and One Salads,"[3] printed in two colors, upon which have been lavished much typographical labor. May E. Southworth evidently knows a lot about concoctions and salads and things that we do not, and still we have made out to live thus far without them. Perhaps these are Christmas pleasantries; maybe fireside jokes; possibly domestic decorations.

Here is another book full of "Drawing Room Plays"[4] by Grace Luce Irwin. This means that amateur dramatics must engage the interest of a constituency, else this book would not have been. We do not know about this kind of thing, but young people's clubs and circles in churches where amateur dramatics are pardonable will want to see more of this red book of Miss Irwin's; perhaps they will want to see it anyhow.

1. Fairy Tales Up to Now. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 50c net.
2. A Book of Toasts. Cloth. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.
3. One Hundred and One Beverages and One Hundred and One Salads. May E. Southworth. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.
4. Drawing Room Plays. Grace Luce Irwin. Paul Elder &

And here is another book in flaming red covers and sumptuous paper, printed a la San Francisco "For People Who Laugh, Showing how Through Women came Laughter into the World,"[5] by Adair Welcker. Our copy contains an inscription to the German Emperor, who "has need for much good humor." The closing pages are some of Mr. Strauss's poems in dialect, which hold the attention.

And lastly comes the naughty "Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1905,"[6] wherein Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford and Addison Mizner present a most attractive compound of foolishness, innocent wickedness and grotesque art. Let this suffice as a sample—"The self-made man is often proud of a poor job."

Of course the calendar type of book is much in evidence in these days. Here comes over the mountains again from the Paul Elder press a "Psychological Year Book,"[7] gathered by Janet Young. The standpoint of the collector is indicated by the title. The quotations, many of them from high sources, unfortunately uncredited, seek to show that "the power of thought and the right use of the will may attain good results, improve conditions and bring success."

Mrs. Maria H. LeRow, a gleaner not unknown to the older workers and readers of the UNITY family, has given the diligent work of years to a beautiful little book from the press of Little, Brown & Co., entitled "Morning Thoughts to Cheer the Day,"[8] a page for every day in the week for thirty weeks. A glance at the list of authors will show that she belongs to the liberal school and that she has lived under the spell of Emerson, from whom the largest number of quotations appears. The personal equation appears in an interesting fashion. Perhaps the next most fertile field to her hand is that of Mozoomdar, the Orientalist. George MacDonald and Sir Edwin Arnold are evidently favorite authors, but the great majority of the long list of authors appear but once or twice, which shows the wide reading and careful husbanding, and all show the sensitive conscience, the steady faith and the love of the noble. A larger number of entire poems, sometimes a page in length, appear in this book than in most of similar collections. It is high commendation for this book when we say that it challenges comparison with Mrs. Tileston's "Daily Strength for Daily Needs."

The time for dismembering Robert Browning has evidently come. We may expect groups of poems, condensed editions and expurgated volumes by editors who are anxious to serve the cause of poetry and widen the influence of Browning by eliminations and groupings. For ourselves the thought is somewhat painful. A complete edition in one of the several attractive forms now available seems to us good enough and cheap enough, and they are most valuable for busy people who cannot read all of Browning but who will be best pleased if they are allowed to make their own selections. However, we cannot quarrel with such a legitimate piece of bookmaking as this edited by Anna B. McMahan and published by the McClurg house in Chicago, "Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings."[9] It is well printed and the only aids to understanding the text consist of a half hundred or more illustrations, all of them Florentine scenes, all art works, reproduced from photographs. The blue tint is not so pleasant to our eye and does not seem to lend itself to the Florentine atmosphere as effectively as sepia color would have done, but all students of Browning must rejoice in these pictures. The selections consist of "Casa Guidi Windows," "The Dance" from Mrs. Browning, "Old Pictures in Florence," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea Del Sarto," "The Statue and the Bust," "The Ring and the Book," and "One Word More" from Robert Browning." Of course there is much of Florence in Robert Browning that does not get into this book, but one must stop somewhere.

It is a pretty little edition of three of Robert Browning's Dramas[10] that D. C. Heath & Co. put out The editing by Arlo Bates is of course skillfully done. The most interesting thing about the edition is that it is prepared for school uses and that it is to be handled by school book publishers, for publishers have much to do with giving even a good book its proper constituency. We hope the publishers will meet such encouragement as will justify their bringing out the other dramas in the same form. The notes and introductions are not intrusive and they will help the student to an appreciation of the text that will soon make the notes unnecessary.

After all, the Christmas time is poetry time. We are glad that the last three books on our shelf are poetry books, each of them by a young man, each of them in its own way evidence that there is music still in the human heart and that there is more to be expected farther on.

Charles Keeler's "Elfin Songs of Sunland,"[11] comes from Berkeley, Cal., and we judge is the product of an amateur press. It is indeed, as it should be, the joint product of a delighted and delightful papa and mamma. They are baby lyrics and are intended only for those who know how it is, but we pity the man who is too old to enjoy these rhymes for toddlers and their companions.

"Love Triumphant,"[12] comes from Boston. Fredericlawrence Knowles has won our interest in his "Life's Stairway." This volume shows that the young man has been gaining strength; it is virile poetry; it is as if the spirit of Whittier was being again embodied two generations further on. Mr. Knowles takes life seriously, as a poet should. He sings the sermons which so many preachers have not the courage to declare in their pulpits. It is a sorry day for the church when the lovers of high ethics, of the missionary spirit, and the conclusions of science concerning the deep things of the soul, must turn away from the church to find their hearts' desire. What a glow would come

Co. $1.25 net.
5. For People Who Laugh. Adair Welcker. Adair Welcker, San Francisco.
6. The Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1905. Mumford Herford-Mizner. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.
7. Psychological Year Book. Janet Young. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.
8. Morning Thoughts to Cheer the Day. Maria H. LeRow. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
9. Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings. Anna B. McMahan. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.
10. Four of Browning's Dramas. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.
11. Elfin Songs of Sunland. Charles Keeler. The Sign of the Live Oak, Berkeley, Cal. 75c net.
12. Love Triumphant. Frederick Lawrence Knowles. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. $1.00.

into many a church if the minister embodied in his scripture readings some Sunday morning "Credo" or "Love Immortal!" and how refreshing it would have been in the last campaign if the political orator had risen to "The New Patriot" as a fitting climax to his patriotic address. This is a book to have, and Mr. Knowles is a poet to watch. Perhaps his spirit is too didactic to rise into the realms of highest poetry, but we like the preachers in verse.

The last of our three volumes, the contribution of young men to our Christmas pleasure, is "The Trail to Boyland,"[13] by Wilbur D. Nesbit. The fact that sixty-five of these poems first appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and nineteen of them in the *Baltimore American,* and the further fact that Mr. Nesbit is the Line-o-type column man in the *Tribune,* one of the poem-a-day journalists, indicate that there are saving clauses in current literature. Mr. Nesbit knows the boy through and through; it is the real thing. The boy and negro dialect poems suggest Whitcomb Riley, but Mr. Nesbit sinks his plummet deeper into the human heart; there are higher reaches than in Riley. It is refreshing to find the newspaper man who knows his Bible so well and can detect and use a great text. "The Prayer of the King" illuminated the front page of UNITY some months ago. There are several other poems in this book that touch biblical chords, such as "The God of the Unafraid," "The Clutch of Chance," and "Jonah at the Gate." Mr. Nesbit combines the lyrist with the moralist to a promising degree. We like the playfulness mingled with seriousness. We cannot see why "The Trail to Boyland" does not deserve a permanent place on the library shelf of him who loves poetry. Our love of Browning does not interfere with our enjoyment of "The Yaller Dawg." The sweetness of the Christmas time may be prolonged by the frequent reading of this poem, entitled "Balancing."

"Cast up the sum of good resolves
With which we met this year;
Upon the lengthy debit side
Let all the faults appear;
Write down the good we did not do—
The goals we have not won—
But write in sturdy characters
The bad we have not done.

"Let all the merit we've acquired,
In figures firm and fair,
All luminous and fair to see
Be boldly written there;
Set down the good we meant to do—
The good but half begun—
And written high on the credit side,
The bad we have not done.

" 'Tis hard to live in gentleness;
'Tis hard to make the year
A page—a blotless page of joy,
And honesty, and cheer;
'Tis harder yet the evil things
That all beset, to shun—
So write in brave and honest strokes
The bad we have not done.

"The good we meant to do—the deeds
So oft misunderstood;
The thwarted good we try to do,
And would do, if we could;
The noble deeds we set upon
And have accomplished none—
Write them—and with them credit all
The bad we have not done."

13. The Trail to Boyland. Wilbur D. Nesbit. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

The Christmas Feeling.

Holidays are not to be had for the asking. It is possible for high ecclesiastical and secular authorities to conspire together and say: "Go to, now, we will make a holiday. At such and such a time everybody shall have such and such feelings."

But We the People do not tamely submit to the programme. They may bring us to the waters of pleasure or sorrow, but can they force us to drink? I trow not.

For a great many years The General Court of Massachusetts ordained that a certain day in April should be a Fast Day. The governor annually exhorted all good citizens to spend the day in humiliation and prayer over their manifold sins and shortcomings,—instead of which the able-bodied inhabitants trooped off hilariously to baseball games.

What was the matter? There were sins enough to have engaged the attention of the citizens had they been so disposed. The trouble was that the time had been unfortunately chosen. No one but a melancholiac feels humiliated on a bright April morning. On the contrary, he feels that he is a fine fellow. He agrees with Emerson that

"None can tell how sweet,
How virtuous, the morning air."

When his lungs are filled with this morning air he feels virtuous, whether in the judgment of strict ethics he is so or not. In such cases a man's state of mind depends, to a considerable extent, on the state of the weather. There was no fighting against Nature; so the spring Fast Day fell into desuetude. At last the Legislature, acknowledging itself beaten, said to the citizens: "Good people: let us change the subject. We will give the spring holiday another name. All that we really expect you to do is to take a day off."

I suppose that the Fourth of July must be acknowledged by all Americans over fifteen years of age, to be one of the disappointing holidays. That is to say, it does not do what it purports to do. We find it difficult to "catch on" to the appropriate sentiment that belongs to it. Theoretically it celebrates the Independence of the United States and keeps alive the memory of the heroic men who pledged life, fortune and sacred honor to the cause of liberty. It is especially intended to solemnize the mind of the rising generation. Practically it is difficult to keep in that frame of mind upon that particular day.

In the first place, it is too hot. In the second place, we are a little out of temper, as we always are when we have not had a good night's sleep. The rising generation has been up betimes, and instead of waiting to be impressed has mobilized its forces and taken the aggressive. Everything about the day seems to be against a worthy celebration. It is all very well to say that we should go out into a grove, after the manner of our fathers, and listen to the reading of the Declaration, and then hear it expounded by a competent orator. We have tried that before and it always rained. And then the incessant fusilade of fire-crackers is not conducive to serious thought.

The advocates of "The Old-Fashioned Fourth" answers pedantically: "Why not banish the fire-crackers and restore the oration? Why should the youths of the country be allowed to endanger their precious lives and the still more precious peace of their elders by burning powder?"

Why, indeed? Nature has many such conundrums One may, if he chooses, ask

"Why Nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats?"

The fact is that in the early days of July the American small boy loves gun-powder more than he loves any of the finer things the orator tells about. He be-

gins to lay in a store of ammunition as if he were preparing for a siege. He only knows that it is the season for that sort of thing. He has pent-up emotions which can only find expression in a particular kind of noise. Oratory is not sufficient for him. The most explosive elocution lacks the requisite snap. He is not content until he hears something crack. All this is lamentable; but what can we do about it? Perhaps we elders could do something to improve the situation and make the holiday more rational. But then, as I said, it's very sultry. When the thermometer is much over ninety, with corresponding humidity, we hesitate about undertaking any great reforms. "After all," we ask, "is it worth while?"

Christmas is more fortunate. It comes at just the time when people naturally feel Christmasy. A sentiment of good-will pervades the community. About this time the natural man goes around looking for an excuse for committing some overt act of benevolence. Even when the struggle for existence has been most intense he feels that he can not be selfish all the time. He demands a few days off from the drudgery of self-seeking. He must go out and give a little something to somebody. The most widely-separated peoples have from remote antiquity celebrated winter festivals which have had the same characteristics of cheery altruism.

Erudite persons have given erudite reasons,—which are the only kind that occur to them,—for this phenomenon. They have explained that these festivals were all originally intended to celebrate the winter solstice. The winter solstice they suppose to have had a particularly cheering effect upon the mind of primitive man, and to have given rise to many pleasant customs which have endured to this day.

Having read this explanation a good many times I accepted it without question, till I read the work of another philosopher who stoutly declares that the theory is all moonshine. He insists that a really primitive man, especially if he lived in a wooded country, instead of rejoicing over an astronomical fact, wouldn't know a solstice when he saw it.

This sounds reasonable and agrees with my own limited experience. Left to my own devices, I am sure that I should not give the solstice a single thought, especially when it occurs in winter, when one's time is occupied in getting in the wood. Even as it is, with the aid of a dictionary and an almanac, my ideas on the subject are more vague than I like to admit. I feel not the slightest emotion when I read that "about the twenty-second of December the sun enters Capricorn and its diurnal motion in declination ceases." I take the fact for what it is worth, and, leaving the sun to get out of Capricorn as best it can, I go about my own business. I should not be surprised if it turns out that the primitive man did very much the same thing.

But there is one thing about midwinter which the most unobservant person must have noticed. About this time, at least in the northern world, it becomes very uncomfortable out of doors. Mother Nature turns the cold shoulder to us, and we are compelled to take refuge with our kind. When we feel "the churlish chiding of the winter wind" we begin to appreciate a snug house, and a roaring fire, and a group of friends, and a bit of something to eat and drink. When

> "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
> Arrives the snow,"
> "the housemates sit
> Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
> In the tumultuous privacy of storm."

And if then one catches sight of a shivering figure outside, the first instinct is to bring him in. Independence does well enough for the summer days and nights when the sky is a sufficient roof and the sun a sufficient fire. But the doctrine of *laissez-faire* breaks down at the freezing point. About the twenty-fifth of December you have a feeling that you have not done your full duty by your fellow creature out of doors when you leave him alone. We humans need one another. If we are to survive the attacks of the Frost King we must stand together.

That Christmas falls upon the time of year when people are brought to a realizing sense of brotherhood is owing to a happy accident. The accident was this: At the time when it first occurred to the "Bishops and other clergy" that it would be a good thing to celebrate the birth of Christ, the exact birthday had been forgotten. It was a case in which nobody could furnish any proofs, so that the Church was left with all the three hundred and sixty-five days to choose from. Under these circumstances it followed the line of the least resistance and fixed upon the time already dedicated to good cheer.

In the midwinter holidays the Romans had for centuries been accustomed to throw aside the stiffness of ordinary life. The distinctions of rank were disregarded, there was the singing of carols, the lighting of candles, the giving of dolls to the children, the decking of the houses with evergreens, and the inviting of friends to feasts. What more natural than to add to this festival a deeper spiritual meaning by connecting it with Christ's nativity? Afterward there was a mingling of Christmas with the pagan Yule-tide. It seems a far cry from the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem to the warriors in the little hamlets of Scandinavia; but the human need for good-will was the same. The glowing Yule-log had its cheery associations. Around it there was great feasting and loud laughter. The children shouted over the gifts of the good gods, and laughed as they heard the stories of the discomfiture of the powers of darkness. For at Yule-tide, when the hungry wolves howled loudest in the woods, it was well that the fire should burn brightest and that young and old should draw together. And it was well to make wreaths of holly and mistletoe, for on these the little sprites who love green things might alight and dwell well content in the land till the springtime. And then, too, the missionaries of the new faith told of the way the trees would blossom miraculously on the night when Christ was born. That was doubtless true also, for such wonderful things were just the things which it was pleasant and right to believe.

Milton, in his poem on the Nativity, makes all the heathen divinities troop off into the dark on the night when the Christ-child was born in Bethlehem. That was a touch of the Puritan temper which was never friendly to the wide catholicity of Christmas. The missionaries of the earlier time had a more genial tolerance. They did not insist on making such a clean sweep of what some one has called "the gentlehood of heathendom."

On Christmas day they would say: "Now good friends, for this once, let the old faith and the new meet in courtesy. Let us not ask churlish questions. Let the Yule-log burn, and the mistletoe hang on the bough and the old gifts be given. Let the half-frozen little gods of the woods come in and warm themselves. If they will take christening they may stay as long as they wish. There is room for all; the more of them the merrier. As for the fairies and elves and all 'the good people,' let them come in together; they will find much in common with the saints who love little children. Whoever has good cheer in his heart, be he man or elf, Christian or Pagan, is heartily welcome.

When the revels have begun the chances are that one can not tell the difference."

And no one *has* been able to tell the difference. And to this day learned men debate over the origin of our Christmas customs, and can not agree as to which is Christian and which is Pagan. And the best part of it is that nobody cares. It is all so irresistibly human.

Wonderful are the transforming powers of Christmas. Even the most sour-visaged saints have yielded to its influence. There was St. Nicholas of Myra! Of all the saints of the calendar he began life most unpromisingly. He was by nature an ascetic, if there ever was one. We read that on his first day he refused the bath which the nurse had prepared for him until he should have decorously finished his devotions. After that he refused all nourishment on Wednesdays and Fridays, and rebuked the maternal attempts to induce him to break his fasts. One would have expected Nicholas to grow up to be a prig and a dyspeptic, the very last person to be the patron saint of children.

And yet, unless the historical experts are all wrong and it is a case of mistaken identity, this ascetic St. Nicholas has become none other than our round, good-natured friend, Santa Claus. After all, when we come to think about it, it is not so strange. One can't be the patron saint of children without being made over. Little by little the wrinkles are smoothed out, the tense nerves relax, and disused faculties come into play again. The eyes begin to have a frosty twinkle, and there is a quizzical smile around the mouth. You may see how inevitable the process is by watching the change which takes place in some keen business man of your acquaintance who, only for a few days, plays at being Santa Claus. The improvement is so marked that you can not help wishing that he had more time for that sort of thing.

—Samuel McChord Crothers in the Reader Magazine.

Deep Woods.

Oh, for the deep wood's voices,
The velvet-throated throng
That every sense rejoices
With consecrated song!
A strain of bird-notes glorious
Leaving the soul victorious;
Silence with song succeeding,
Entrancing, luring, leading
Into the deep, damp hollows
Where the eager foot that follows
Sinks, hidden as it crosses,
In the yielding, springing mosses,
And the triple tears of the white-throat fall
Like a benediction over all!

Oh, for the brook! its story
Is written in lines of glory
Where a glint of sunshine glides between
The boughs that over the water lean.
The siren brook! above it
The silver birches gleam,
The veeries know and love it,
Lured to the laughing stream,
My thrush on tiptoe stealing
Away from the hidden nest,
The dim light half concealing
The pool it loves the best;
The crystal drops from its tawny wings
It shakes in rainbow, and hark!—it sings.

Oh, for the rocks! close clinging
Are lichen and green moss,
While fern and vine upspringing
Have trailed themselves across,
The fragrance still intenser
Where fir-trees swing the censer.
O sheltering rocks! the cover
Of the great gray rock above her,
The phœbe builds; the sweetness
She knows, the safe completeness,
Where the little brook entangled
Sinks out of sight, moss-strangled;
No path leads in where the wood-thrush sings,
Where the soul of the forest has taken wings.

Nellie Hart Woodworth, in Boston Transcript.

THE PULPIT.

The Christmas Song.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18, 1904.

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth Peace, Good will to men.
—Luke II. *xiv.*

Some say that ever 'gainst the season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare.

The hurry in the home, the rush on the streets, the guileless plottings, the fever of expectancy in the hearts of children, the touch of anxiety on the faces of fathers and mothers, the twining of evergreens, all remind us that Christmas is again here. Let not this hurry and anxiety over-reach us; we cannot have a happy Christmas time if we are swept off our feet. To overdo is to un-do the Christmas spirit. It is the part of wisdom to allay this external haste and as far as possible to reduce the fever of Christmas. In order to do this, let us approach it deliberately and put a touch of thought into the blessed feeling. To get the most out of the Christmas time we must go back of the candy and the Christmas tree, beneath the gifts and above the greetings.

Is it not possible for us to hear above the din of the trafficking the song which the gospel legend puts into the mouths of choiring angels? Is it not possible to inject this rhythm into its merry making and to embosom the gifts and the givers in this celestial harmony?

Let us this morning spell our Christmas in the old way—"Christ-mass," and try to restore it to its old liturgical meanings. *Christ-mass* summons us to worship; the word lifts us above our doctrines, our sects, formulas, petty schemes and big pretensions.

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth Peace among men."

This is the Christmas chorus that ameliorates our dogmas, dissolves our pretensions. Catholic and Unitarian, Episcopalian and Universalist alike can sing it. The Methodist and the Quaker will this week pour out their devotion in these words, though the one may do it with a shout and the other in the silent chambers of meditation.

As we think of this chorus and its gospel paraphrases and pulpit interpretations, we are compelled to think of Christianity not as a pandemonium of warring sects or a debating school in dogma, but rather as a splendid tide of holy influences bearing down through the centuries, fertilizing lives with tenderness, blunting the edge of the savage sword, modifying selfish governments, rounding the angles of stony creeds, softening the tones of arrogant priesthood, flooding with light the dim corners of superstitious shrines. The altar boys may blend this song in the service of the High Church, but they cannot disqualify it by artistic grace or esthetic beauty from being also an effective marching song to Hallelujah Bands. All the way from the Pope to the captain of the Salvation Army, from Westminster Abbey to the sod chapel in Dakota, through all shades of heresy and orthodoxy, through churches of all creeds and no creed, in the name of St. Peter, St. Patrick, St. Andrew or St. Stay-at-Home,—all will join on Christmas day in the chorus of this angel-song,

"Peace on earth, Good will to men."

The followers of Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Murray, Channing, all join in this chorus:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And Peace among men."

But, "The poet's lyre demands a tougher sinew than the sword," said Emerson. This rhythmic lyric, this swinging carol, has stuff in it that challenges our philosophy; it has food for reflection; it has economic values and is as profound a political maxim as it is a hymn of religion. It is not simply something to please the fancy or to feed the imagination. It is one of the boldest generalizations in literature. Psychologically it represents a permanent need, not a passing dream of the human soul.

Why do men dig and sow and reap? Why do women spin, weave, make garments and cook food? That they may find peace; peace of body and peace of mind. Why do nations dispute, quarrel, shoot, hang, burn? That they may destroy or reconstruct the discordant elements; it is all in the interest of a profounder peace further on. Why do we vote, pay taxes, go and send to school? That the "good will to men" may become more potent and effective. This thirst for melody where now is discord; this effort to reduce turbulence to rhythm; to find balance instead of inebriety of any kind, is not only the deepest hunger but the most permanent quest of Christendom. Forgetting one's doubts and troubles, rising above one's pains and weaknesses, losing one's self in the sense of the Ineffable and the Infinite, these represent the occasional experience of the meanest and most plodding of souls. A sense of glory as of the highest is a terrestrial experience. It finds more substantial setting in the actual carols of the children of the slums than it does in the hypothetical choiring of angels in the clouds.

"God bless us everyone," said tiny Tim, and this Christmas blessing from a poor man's home in London was echoed by Emerson and Victor Hugo. Carlyle calls attention to the interesting fact that the chanting of the early covenanters in their rude conventicles in the Highlands was painfully discordant, full of nasal and strident notes to the near listener. But all the broken notes would fall out by the way, the rounded, full tones alone would carry and yield exquisite, ravishing harmonies to the listener in the distant glen. The untrained voices of peasants have in them notes which, when selected by the ever-working law of the survival of the fittest, make heavenly music.

So I love to think that the Christian sects, so distracted with their "isms" and "schisms," so burdened with their creeds, from one to thirty-nine articles long, so hedged in by ecclesiastical ditches, so confined with canonical fences, over which the brave dare scarcely reach a hand to a brother on the outside, have in them carrying notes that render the Christmas music harmonious when heard at the proper distance, and the burden of their chorus is

"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, Good will to men."

I believe that the latest psychology verifies the verdict of history, that the lover is a higher evolution than the philosopher, and that the doer is a better interpreter of religion than the thinker, in other words, that the saint is a more permanent element in church history than the theologian.

Tell us of the white lives of Christendom, and we love it; but pile your dusty tomes of ponderous theology with their damnatory clauses and heresy-hounds yelping for the blood of the refugees from mental bondage, and we feel like setting a match to the whole pile and saying, "Away with your Christianity; we hate your involved saving-scheme, so hard to understand; we laugh at your votes that with pious phrases profanely exclude the thinkers and the workers."

I believe, further, that the Christmas song is much larger than Christendom in its noblest interpretation.

Indeed the shepherds heard in the angels' song familiar notes if they were versed in the psalmody of their people. It is but a condensation of the burden of the prophets and the psalmists. The words of Malachi in the Old Testament prepared the way for the angels' song, when he said: "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother, profaning the covenant of our fathers?"

We are further forced to conclude that our song has extra biblical sources.

It springs out of the prophetic soul of all times and ages. In a Buddhist manual the devotee is taught to say on hearing the bell that summons to worship:

"Oh! may the music of this bell extend throughout the mystic world,
And, heard beyond the iron walls and gloomy glens of earth,
Produce in all a perfect rest, and quiet every care,
And guide each living soul to lose itself in Mind Supreme."

Says the Persian Bible:

"The paths to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings. The doers of good shall reach me forever and forever."

Says Lao-Tsze, the Chinese sage:

"Be humane to animals, do no injury to insects, plants or trees. Prevent the evil and exalt the good. Providence protects the man who does these things."

This rhymes with the words of his great compatriot, Confucius:

"Love of man is chief of all the virtues. The good man loves all men, and all who live within the four seas are his brothers."

Buddha swells the chorus when he says:

"If a man live a hundred years and engage the whole of his time in religious offerings, this is not equal to one act of pure love in saving life."

And a Persian poet responds:

"Diversity of worship has divided the human race into many nations. From all their dogmas I have selected one—divine love."

"Though we look out of different windows
We all see the one great sun."

Said an ancient Brahmin:

"Kine are of diverse colors, but all milk is alike. Altar flowers are of many species, but all worship is one."

But let not these quotations mislead us. There are many wearisome pages in the scriptures of the older world; many of their sanctities are outgrown; many of their regulations are formal and perfunctory; there is an abundance of texts that prove the childish mind; but their oracles are valuable not on account of these but on account of the shining points that glisten with the brightness of the sun, the bugle calls of the spirit that echo the universal refrain of "peace on earth, good will to men."

To this goal all the great teachers point; to this conclusion all the thinking of all ages tends. The Chinese sage anticipated Emerson and Herbert Spencer, Goethe and Victor Hugo, in their largest generalizations when he said:

"The catholic-minded man regards different religions as embodying the same truth; the narrow-minded man observes only their differences."

At Christmas time we should rise to this height and unstop our ears to hear the music of the centuries, the chorus of all religions.

Pardon another parable from the Orient:

"Four travelers, a Turk, an Arab, a Persian and a Greek, met together to decide upon a common meal. As each had but ten *paras* they consulted together as to what should be

purchased with the money. The first said, *Uzum;* the second, *Ineb;* the third decided in favor of *Inghur;* the fourth insisted upon *Stafalion.* A dispute arose arose among them; they were about to come to blows, when a peasant, knowing their four languages, brought them a basket of grapes, when lo! to their great astonishment, they found that each one had what he desired."

There should be no time like Christmas to sing the song of universal brotherhood and the inclusive fellowship. At Christmas time he is a poor Unitarian who cannot understand the dialect of the Episcopalian; and he is no Christian at this time who does not welcome the Magi who still bring offerings of frankincense and myrrh to be laid at the feet of the Christ-child, from remote continents and far-off peoples.

The phenomenal rise of the Japanese, their marvelous receptivity, is the wonder of this generation. Perhaps we may yet see that the renaissance of the Shintu faith has been one essential element in their progress. This re-vitalized faith is peculiarly a religion of pilgrimages. The inns are always crowded with pilgrim bands who travel from one sacred spot to another; and we are told that these sacred spots are generally connected with mountains peaks,—places of rare beauty and high prospects,—so that present nature joins with past tradition in chastening the spirit of the pilgrims and in delighting the souls of the tourists.

All religion should send us to high places. Life is a pilgrimage, and from the high places we see that which is common to all peoples. Not to the east nor yet to the west; not in Rome, Jerusalem or Mecca, but anywhere and everywhere does the light of God shine and the glory of heaven appear.

Said Hafiz, the Persian poet:

"The compass only serves to direct the prayer of those who are outside of the Kaaba, whilst within it no one knows the use of it."

Echoes the Hindu:

"Who formed the remaining months that we should venerate but one? If the Creator dwells in tabernacles, whose residence is the universe?"

In order to magnify the Christmas message and to glorify the Christmas season, I like to eliminate the angels and banish the rhapsody. True poetry will stand rendering into prose; my text will stand such a test. The caroling children do not prolong the echoes of a dying song or revive the harmony that does not belong to earth and will abide on earth but one week in the year. This Christmas song is not some daring hope of the prophet, which the careful student of science or the much vaunted practical man stoops to make concessions to at holiday time, knowing all the time that it is only a dream which some day may come true but which now has little foundation in the practice of this hustling, self-seeking, work-a-day world.

The truth is that this song always has had and now has a sober foundation in the life that now is. Its credentials are not presented by some airy, fairy creatures in scant dress and ample wings who can sit on a cloud thrumming harps, without falling off, according to our childish imaginations; but rather, its credentials are presented by the homely faces in log cabins, by the peace on wan faces lying on hospital beds, by the shame that mantles the cheek of the possessor of ill-gotten gains, by the chill at the heart of the society-distracted woman.

This Christmas song is not a thing of Bibles; it is a thing of human tears. Warranted by prophets? Yes, but by the prophets of the plow, the ax, the spade, the pen. It is witnessed to by the faces of martyrs? Yes, but not only the martyrs flame-wreathed and thorn-crowned, but martyrs who endure the higher test of life—the ragged, the isolated, the worker of civic righteousness and political reform. This Christmas song rises out of coal pits; breaks out of cotton mills; it makes glad the camps of Siberian exiles and sheds the light of pathetic patience even over the grim battle fields of the world.

Let the Bibles of the world be lost; let Sinai, Horeb, Calvary and Mount Ida, the hills among which Confucius walked, under the shadows of which Buddha meditated, be catalogued with Snowden, Pike's Peak and Big Bald; let the plains of India become as commonplace as those of Nebraska, and still the Christmas song of

"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, Good will to men,"

would commend itself to the scientist and be beaten out by the philosopher. Were there no churches, preachers or Bibles to enforce it, still the God of history would be manifest. The trend of humanity is ever toward peace. The growth of nations, aye, the decay of nations, also, "has made for good will among men."

To him who can read it rightly, the entire history of humanity is a drama of love, O the insolent way which ignorance, stupidity and material conceit have of patronizing this very heart of humanity as expressed in the gospel of peace and good will! How the business world smiles at the weakness, the softness, the femininity they sometimes call it, of the preaching, praying and hoping world of religion.

I ask for no colored glass to soften the harsh light of every day; we need not go to the exchange or to the poitical caucus to be taught the selfishness in man; I have faced the gory record of history; I know the sad list of those who from Pharaoh down to the field marshals at woe-smitten Port Arthur, have reddened the fields of earth with human blood. I remember how the great empires of the east, one after another, have gone down into black oblivion under the blight of tyranny, and that all the western nations today, boastful of their civilizations, are facing a like catastrophe that is surely coming down upon them because of their senseless greed and lust of power.

In this arraignment I have in mind Siberian exiles, evicted Irish peasants, pauper huts, pale starvelings of city slums, the haggard faces of abandoned women on the dirty streets of our city, the pinched lives of the unlettered and the woes that are deeper than those of war, famine or ignorance,—the woes of impaled hearts, love-thwarted, love-poisoned, strangled souls,—and still it dares offer the Christmas song of "Peace on earth, Good will to men" as justified of history, as verified by experience. I present it as the burden of nature and the demonstration of human nature.

I read the dark tragedies of the centuries as I read the black pages of King Lear and find that the outcome of both is peace, sweetness, love, hope; far more penetrating than the curse of Edmund is the loving loyalty of Edgar; more abiding than the war of elements or the stormy tempest in the old King's breast is the foolishness of the tender fool. The few lines that tell of the spotless loyalty of Cordelia obliterate the blackness in the hearts of the cruel elder daughters. So, I say, the final lesson taught in King Lear is one of gentleness, of hope, of love.

Thus I read the lesson of history. The man for the generation has, perhaps, always been the warrior, but the man for the century has always been the saint. Savonarola, Dante, Luther, have outlived all their crowned contemporaries. The story of Buddha's renunciation, of Confucius' devotion to civic reform, of Sokrates with his cup of hemlock, of Jesus on Calvary, make vulgar the pyramids, absurd the pomp of royalty, the boast of commerce and the parade of bedizened queens. War's own bitter contribution to history has made for peace. The record it has written in blood is a protest against its method. Even the cannon-makers

now justify their nefarious business on the theory that they are making them so effective that they will not be used. The logic of the warrior, the justification of the military, are driven to the last ditch when they offer their armaments as argument on behalf of the Christmas song of Peace and Good will. The argument, to my mind, is absurd, but I rejoice that the armies and navies of today have been driven to this logical absurdity. The next step will be a discovery of the absurdity, and then nations will know, what individuals now know, that he who "speaks softly" need carry no club. It is not true that the individual who goes armed to the teeth with revolvers and bowie knives, is the man whose life is most secure and whose property is best protected; the very opposite is the truth.

I do not believe that smokeless powder, dynamite, electric guns and steel warships are peace-makers, but I do believe that those who would perfect them in the interest of peace, whether they be nations or individuals, are in a hopeful way; they are about to see a great light; their spiritual education is far advanced. It is getting harder and harder to precipitate nations into broils. I believe the time is at hand when captains will sheathe the sword—not from want of courage to face the more deadly weapons, not because the race is growing less heroic, but because the judge will supplant the general, and the International Congress will prove more effective than councils of war.

And this triumph is to come of the earth, on earth, and by means of earthly methods, if you please. It will come from a recognition of the better sense and the truer philosophy. Perhaps Liebig, the German chemist, was a little over-enthusiastic when he said that the consumption of soap in any country might be taken as a measure of the height to which its civilization had reached; but it is true that the mysterious triumphs of the laboratory, the familiar achievements of machine shops, the plow, the reaper, the printing press, the paper mill—all have contributed and still do contribute to the development of the mind and the heart that establish "good will among men," and the things accomplished justify the measureless expectation of more to come. Professor Crookes predicted that "the time is surely coming when organic compounds will be produced without the aid of living plants or animals." The seers of old never made a more daring prophecy. Think of the time when sugar, butter and starch may be manufactured by man without the intermediary contribution of cane, of cow, or of corn.

Edison keeps in his laboratory a scrap-book which contains newspaper comments upon the absurdity and impossibility of his inventive imaginings. He enjoys showing this to his visitors. He points to the editorial opinion of an expert who says that "electric lighting by an incandescent lamp is a dream never to be realized," and the visitor reads this comment by the light of such a lamp.

So this dream of brotherhood, this promise of a love that would give all races and classes, every man born of woman, a show in the world, a brother's place in the fraternity of souls, was no Jordan having its rise in mountain springs, hastening down through tangled thickets, spreading now into the clear lakes and little seas like Merom and Gennessaret, plowing its canon through rugged rocks, to lose itself at last in the Dead Sea, fouled by its own evaporations, from which there is no outlet. But rather is it like the great Mississippi River of the west, augmented by many tributaries, flowing on unimpeded, until it reaches the great ocean, and mingles its waters with those contributed by all the rivers of the world.

I have said that this song of Christmas is a song of universal religion. What do we mean by "universal religion?" The religion that consists of universal elements in all religion. Names differ; doctrines clash; ceremonies exclude; but this gospel of good will, this thirst for fellowship, this communion in things excellent, this reverence for the highest,—these abide in all religions, they survive the destruction of temples, the defacement of records, the death of nations, and these are the very things that constitute the *"Gloria in excelsis"* of the Christian church.

If this is true, this song comes not from the skies but from God's fertile, life-bearing earth, the terrestrial womb of the Infinite spirit, out of which come the beauty that reaches from the pansy to the Madonna's face, the love that climbs through the heart of the brooding bird into the brain of the statesman. Let who will listen for the voices which the shepherds heard on the star-lit plains of Bethlehem, but I hear it more surely in the voice of the mother crooning over her babe and see it in the gratitude of the sheltered weak to the sheltering strong. Let artists paint dove-like angels with feathered wings above the clouds, but I prefer the man-like, woman-like, child-like messengers, or, to use the equivalent Greek derivative, "angels," who go about on foot and have no need of wings. These singers in the sky somehow disturb the rhythmic planets for me; they are intruders in the universe to which the stars belong and in which souls are orbed by divine order. In ourselves is God revealed, heaven promised, prayer made necessary, and the *"Gloria in Excelsis"* justified; in our own common human nature is Jesus explained and Peace on earth and Good will to men are found. Not until we realize that the Christ spirit was stable-born; that it is possible to prepare a Christ-child welcome in Mary and Joseph hearts everywhere, will we learn to sing the Christmas song with fitting spirit.

I like the simple beauty of the old English carol and wish we had not lost the pretty custom of sending our children a caroling it through the streets on Christmas morning as our sturdy fore-elders chanted it in their childhood two hundred years ago:

"His birth-bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

"He neither shall be rockèd
In silver or in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth on the mould;
He neither shall be clothèd
In purple or in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.

"He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.
Then be you glad, good people,
At this time of the year,
And light you up your candles,
For his star shineth near."

If all this is true it follows again that the measure of our Christmas joys is not the measure of our getting nor yet the measure of our giving, but the measure of our being. How much peace is there in our souls? "Peace cometh from the men of good will," which is perhaps the better rendering of my text; good will not only to our larger selves—those whom we call our own—but good will to those not our own;—to shepherds on lonely plains, to babes manger-born, to the solitary, whether the solitude be that of excellence or of crime. Only in so far as we have the universal heart can we know the Christmas carol. The most delicate as well as the most imperative obligations are the obligations of favored souls. There is the self-consciousness of strength that enslaves and embitters as well as the self-consciousness of weakness. In living we give, but

not unless we give in living, give of what we have, not in imagination out of what others have and we covet.

In Robert Browning's poem, "Theocrite," the apprentice boy longs to praise God in the "Pope's great way." Gabriel gave him to stand in the Pope's place; but "creation's chorus stopped" and "God missed his little human praise" until the new Pope went back to his old tasks, and

> "With that weak voice of our disdain
> Took up creation's pausing strain.
> Back to the cell and poor employ
> Became the craftsman and the boy."

Then the note was sounded which Gabriel himself could not sound, although he

> "Entered in flesh the empty cell,
> Lived there and played the craftsman well;
> And morning, evening, noon and night,
> Praised God in place of Theocrite."

Have we caught the sacred secret of Christmas carolings? In this attempt may I anticipate the season and wish for you and yours and the great hungering, aspiring world everywhere, a

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The Feast of Love.

Come, my soul, the feast is spread,
All of good that God can give;
In thy spirit light is shed—
Bidding thee for this to live;
Live to know the wondrous love—
All about thee now and here,
Sweet as in the heavens above,
Sent as inspiration dear!

Wait no longer for the peace
Dreamed of old to be on high;
Let the fears and sorrows cease,
God himself to thee is nigh;
Every breathing of thy heart—
For the pure and for the blest,
He to thee did well impart;
In that sweet assurance rest!

Come, my soul, from barren fear
To the place where love is seen;
Have thy heaven within, and here
Founts of joy and pastures green;
All of good is thine to know—
As a path that leads above;
Now thy faith in boldness show,
Claim beatitude of love!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A Week Pehint Christmas.

'Tis a veek pehint Christmas undt all droo der house
Der chiltrens iss keebing so shy like a mouse;
Dey vatch py der vindows to see ven I come,
Undt ven I am in, dey are saying: "Keep mum!"
Chust like I can't hear dem undt like I don't see—
Dose chiltrens iss making Kris Kringles for me.

Dere's liddle Katrina—she asks me so schweet
If I don't like shlippers to go by my feet,
Undt vedder id's nicer if dey has some bows
Of ribbon to make dem some style on der toes.
Undt now she iss sewing as hart as can be—
Undt I know she's making Kris Kringle for me.

Dere's Hans undt his Broder—dot Chulius—deir bank
Iss empty of pennies dot use' to go "clank!"
Dey ask me last veeks if I don't dink it's fine
To ged a new pipe for dis old von of mine.
Undt now dey vill visper undt chuckle in glee—
Dose poys, dey are making Kris Kringles for me.

'Tis a veek pehint Christmas—undt, oh, it iss fine
To see all der dricks of dose chiltren of mine,
Undt dink how dose shlippers vill feel on my feet,
Undt how dot new pipe vill be bleasant and schweet.
Undt dey shall haf choost der best kint of a tree
Pecause dey are making Kris Kringles for me.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

Three Views of Christianity.

I.

What is the Bible? By J. A. Ruth, Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Co. 1904.

This is an honest book written by an earnest man in reaction against the crude mechanical idea of biblical revelation by which he had hitherto been controlled. It has a ring of indignation against the sophistries and self-deceptions of men who dare not or will not face the argument of reason and history against the false claims made for the Bible. The author is not a professional scholar but he is an effective disputant. However, it is a distressing fact that at this age of the world anyone should need to write such a book. The rationalism of the eighteenth century was supposed to have accomplished this task. For the early Protestant Reformers the Bible was an outer word of God only as its religious messages were inwardly experienced. Later, in the age of scholastic Protestant orthodoxy, it became a mere collection of texts to prove a system of intellectual doctrines. In that period religion seemed to be only doctrinal belief. Pietism rescued religion from this barren intellectualism and revived the emphasis upon the experience of divine communion. For the Pietist the Bible again became preeminently an aid to religious experience of other than a doctrinal kind. The rationalistic criticism of the eighteenth century destroyed the claim of a mechanical revelation of doctrine in the Bible. The fusion of Rationalism and Pietism gave birth to the modern historical criticism. Despite his use of modern books Mr. Ruth occupies this antiquated position of rationalist negation and like the old rationalist shares with orthodoxy the conception of religion as a set of beliefs.

II.

The Dynamic of Christianity, By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1904.

Mr. Chapman's well written book is in sharp contrast to the preceding not only as it is the fruit of a richer culture but also as it presents a more penetrating insight into the essential character of religion. Mr. Chapman sees Christian society in a state of confusion, unrest, suspense and traces this condition to an obscuration of the vital essence of the Christian religion. The value of the book lies in the insistence that this essential element of religion is not a theoretic belief but the action of a cosmic power on the volitional heart of the human personality, energizing and liberating and ennobling man's moral being by the force of ideal constraints. On the one hand Spencer's evolutionary philosophy shows him a cosmic power immanent in its effects. On the other hand religious history as the history of spiritual experience reveals this immanent cosmic power as the Spirit of God. The experimental contact of the individual with the Spirit of God satisfies the deepest personal need and emancipates the individual from the constrain of any mere outer authority objectified in book or doctrine.

Mr. Chapman is well read in English and American books, but a knowledge of the powerful provocative German research and discussion that lie back of the books he has read would have robbed him of a naive consciousness of original discovery. He has had a penetrating intuition and a joyful independence in constructing and coordinating, but the fact remains that he has discovered what was long ago discovered and has been carried to a more advanced stage of discussion. His allusions to Unitarianism show a painful misconception of the religious state of persons who wear the Unitarian name. Only ignorance can impute to them an "indifferent curiosity" without "an understanding heart."

Mr. Chapman has had a fruitful and partial insight but his treatment of it is shallow to an extraordinary degree. His joy in recalling men to the consideration of a religious experience of a communing spirit forgets the task of soberly defining the experience. Luther's *Glauben*, the experience of the Catholic mystic, the gnostic experience of divine sovereignty inwards—all varieties seem indeed to be thrown together without discriminating tests. Apparently also Mr. Chapman has failed to determine the relation of the personal experience to religion in the objective sense, given in the historic institution with historic memories embodied in doctrine and cult. It is an illusion to suppose that religion is a direct spontaneous experience unmediated by an inherited content of informing ideas and personal ideals. All these questions are left unexamined. The mission of the book is to those who need to escape from a religion of creedal revelation into the religion of that experience for which Mr. Gannett has provided the new song.

III.

The Beginning of Christianity, By Paul Wernle. 2 vols. Putnam, 1903, 1904.

All discussion about the value of the Bible or the correct analysis of Christianity must rest upon a close intensive study of the phenomena of religion in its periods of greatest vitality. The significance of the Bible, the cult, the Christology, the inner personal experience of individuals can be tested best of all by special attention to the Reformation period or to the creative original movement of Christianity when there was the greatest intensity and variety of conceptions and emotions and when spiritual experiences had not yet been subjected to the limiting effect of defined beliefs and institutional usage. It is only blindness that characterizes this study of the past as mere archaeological learning. The study of historic origins is a continuous reinvigoration of religion itself and is perpetually liberating religion from errors and limitations. There can be no more fruitful and fructifying use of time than to make a close study of the beginning of Christianity under the guidance of the masters of those who know. It is our good fortune to have for this purpose the translation of Harnack's Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries and the still more fundamental work of Wernle which provokes these remarks.

Wernle's work is a great accomplishment of exact history and comprehending divination and artistic expression. The English translation is a notable success in reproducing the terse and animated style of the original German. Whatever differences of judgment as to details may be pressed, the presentation here given is in the main that which will be established as the result of historical study in the place of dogmatic tradition. It would be an excellent thing to hear of adult classes in Sunday-schools adopting this work as the basis of study and discussion. Only when the results of such a book have become common property can men agree in their interpretation of history. Mr. Chapman, for example, aiming to confirm his analysis of Christianity, is content to quote "Christ's doctrine of the Holy Spirit" from the Fourth Gospel. An author who aims to reform theology by penetrating to the actual life process of personal experience must know where to look for his data.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.
Meadville Theological School.

N. M. W. Woodrow contributes an amusing homely character-sketch to the January McClure's entitled "Old Man Johnson's Successor." In a little Western mining town (but we all know just such people), a hustling, sharp, proud little woman quarrels with her hardworking, steady-going husband. Indignant at his financial failure, she starts into business herself, driving a stage as "Old Man Johnson's Successor."

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The idealism of serious people in this age of ours is of a noble character. It never seems to them that they have served enough; they have a fine impatience of their virtues.

MON.—To ask to see some fruit of an endeavor is but a transcendental way of serving for reward.

TUES.—If a thing is wrong for us we should not dwell upon the thought of it.

WED.—There is no cutting the Gordian knots of life; each must be smilingly unravelled.

THURS.—It is probable that nearly all who think of conduct at all, think of it too much.

FRI.—And the kingdom of heaven is of the childlike, of these who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure.

SAT.—There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

—A Christmas Sermon by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mary's Manger Song.

Sleep, my little Jesus,
On the bed of hay
While the shepherds homeward
Journey on their way!
Mother is thy shepherd
And will vigil keep,
O, did the angels wake thee?
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

Sleep my little Jesus
While thou art my own,
Ox and ass thy neighbors,—
Shalt thou have a throne?
Will they call me blessed?
Shall I stand and weep?
O, be it far, Jehovah?
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep.

Sleep, my little Jesus,
Wonder baby mine!
Well the singing angels
Greet thee as divine.
Through my heart, as heaven,
Low the echoes sweep
Of glory to Jehovah!
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep.

—Wm. C. Gannett.

The Northland Christmas.

TOLD BY THE VIKING'S DAUGHTERS, BRUNHILDA AND CHRISELDA.

Brunhilda.—I was a Viking's daughter. My name was Brunhilda, and I lived on the shores of the North Sea long before the story of your gentle Christmas had found its way into our dark northern forests. In a cold country like ours we had reason to give the sun a royal welcome when he turned in December and began to climb higher with his promise of spring. My father's great hall, built of wood and decorated with magnificent carvings and handsome ironwork, was built across the road so that no one might pass it without entering and remaining at least three days as our guest. Every Yule-tide the handsome tapestries embroidered by my mother and her maidens with scenes from the lives of our heroes, were hung, the walls were decked with evergreens, and two yoke of oxen dragged in the Yule-log, which we burned in the great fireplace in honor of Odin. While the log lasted, feasting and merriment ran high. Noble guests filled the high seats of honor, while vassals and serfs were ranged along the wall. Brave men sat by high-born maidens and sometimes cast lots for companions. Who does not remember Sverri, handsomest and bravest of all my father's guests, who could wake

the harp to strains almost divine? I at least have not forgotten him.

Games, songs, and legends made the walls echo with mirth. One of the stories the sea-kings loved to tell as they sat around the blazing Yule-log and feasted on roasted meats and foaming ale, was the story of the sun god, Balder the beautiful. My sister will tell you the tale.

Chriselda.—Balder dreamed one night that his life was in great danger. He told his dream to his mother, Freya, and she went out and begged of fire, air, earth, and water, of stones, plants, beasts, and birds, that they should not harm Balder. This they promised with an oath. Then the gods amused themselves by throwing all kinds of weapons at Balder, knowing that none could injure him.

But the god Loki was jealous of Balder. Disguising himself as an old woman, he went to Freya to find out what mischief he could do. The unsuspecting goddess told him that all things on earth had sworn not to harm her son, except the mistletoe, a feeble little shrub that grew on the oak on the far side of Valhalla. So Loki went in haste to fetch the little plant. He soon reached the playground of the gods. "Why do you not take part in the sport?" he asked of Hoder, who stood apart from the others. "Because I am blind, and, besides, I have no weapon." "Here is a weapon," said Loki, handing him a bit of mistletoe, "and yonder is Balder." So Hoder threw the tiny branch and Balder fell, pierced by the feeble mistletoe.

Now the sorrow at his death was very great, so that the goddess Hela made a plan to bring him back to life, saying that if all things in the world would weep for him he might return. Thereupon the gods sent messengers throughout all the world to beg every thing to weep, that Balder might come back. And all wept willingly, living things as well as earth and stones and trees, except an old hag, perhaps Loki himself, who would take no part in the mourning and so prevented Balder's return. But I know the old myth is wrong. Balder does return, as Proserpine returns to her mother every springtime and bids the flowers come forth, and just as the sleeping beauty awakens at the kiss of her prince. For Balder was the sun-god, and the midwinter sun never fails to retrace his path and mark out his course around the loving earth with flowers each springtime. No, Balder is not dead, and you will soon go out and trace his footprints as did Brunhilda and I, the Viking's daughters, hundreds of years ago on the shores of the wild North Sea.

—Evelyn H. Walker, from Christmas in Many Lands.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize,—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentlemen.

My song, save this, is little worth:
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

—Wm. M. Thackeray.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Children's Christmas Story.

Away, away in Bethlehem
On that first Christmas morn
Within a manger bleak and bare
A helpless child was born.
Jesus the little babe was called
By Mary, mother mild,
And a bright star the wise men led
Unto the wondrous child.

With gold and myrrh and frankincense
They fell down at his feet,
And worshipped him with solemn joy,
As fitting was and meet;
For he the nations all about
From all their sins could save,
Glad tidings of great joy would bring,
And peace that all men crave.

And then in distant Galilee,
In lowly Nazareth town,
The little child grew to the man,
And wandered up and down,
Teaching the people as he went
Of new and better ways,
Of faith and love and charity,
Of holy prayer and praise.

To heal the sick, to feed the poor,
His work from day to day,
To bid the sinner sin no more,
To cheer the mourner's way;
And still to tell where'er he went
The story of God's love,
This was the message Christ of old
Brought to us from above.

Now far away from Galilee
And lowly Nazareth town,
We strive to tell the little ones
The tidings he brought down.
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
We shout it o'er and o'er,
And every blessed Christmas time
We prize the message more.

For love is still the best of life,
As Jesus taught of yore;
Oh, little children never cease
To tell the tidings o'er,
Of Jesus and the deeds he did
By Jordan and the sea,
The words he spoke at Bethlehem,
And by blue Galilee.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO—THE PEOPLE'S LIBERAL CHURCH.—We have already called attention to the new departure on the part of R. A. White and his parish of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, now working under the new name which heads this notice. We reprint below their appeal to the community and their pledge to one another. We understand that the whole movement is heartened and strengthened by the change. Over three hundred and fifty names are already attached to the bond of

fellowship, and the generous capacity of the present church is taxed to the limit; a new building is already beginning to be talked of.

OUR BELIEFS AND AIMS.

Our aim is to make a free and fearless church, seeking truth wherever it may be found; tolerant of the differing opinions of others; anxious for an interpretation of religion that shall be in harmony with modern knowledge, and which shall satisfy the spiritual cravings of men without doing injustice to their intellectual common sense. We hold that religion is one of the primal, persistent native instincts of the human mind; that it rests upon rational and indestructible grounds; that its fundamental, moral and spiritual principles are invulnerable, and that the best definition of religion is love to God and man, or inspiration and service. We hold that the best unifying force in church life is common service instead of common belief; that men cannot believe alike, but can love alike; that a church is not merely a place to get something for self, but a place to do something for others; an institution to help make a heaven here and now; that a practical religion is not creed, but deed.

We believe in positive religious convictions and beliefs, but insist that no church or person has the right or the ability to frame a statement of belief fitted to different minds; that truth is many sided; that the custom of making a creed the gateway to fellowship is an injustice to a thinking mind and at variance with the growing intellectual individualism of the day.

We hold that everything has its religious and ethical side; that the distinctions of 'religious and secular' are misleading and untrue; that the whole world is God's world, and everything in it belongs to his final purpose. We hold to the indestructibility of moral and spiritual forces, and believe in the final triumph of good over evil, and that all the forces of heaven and earth are working toward the evolution of better things socially and individually. To make these truths apparent, without forcing them upon any one, and to do what little we can to make social and individual life in any and all of its phases a little better, purer, sweeter, richer in the treasures of soul and mind that alone make a man rich, is our aim.

OUR MOTTO.

The union of all who love in the service of all who suffer and need help.

OUR BOND OF FELLOWSHIP.

Deeply desiring both for ourselves and for society, the attainment of high moral character and spiritual ideals; and believing that mutual effort will stimulate and aid in such attainment, we unite ourselves in a co-operative fellowship, whose primal principles shall be the law of love and the duty of common service. We agree, so long as opportunity offers and circumstances will permit, to support and serve the People's Liberal Church to the best of our ability and shall consider such service one of our serious obligations. Without slavishly binding ourselves to the statements set forth in the 'Beliefs and Aims' of this church, or accepting it as a creed in the sense of limiting the thought or vision of the individual, we adopt the principles therein set forth as a rallying point for our instinctive religious convictions and hopes.

Foreign Notes.

THE SWISS NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.—This organization, known in French Switzerland as the *Alliance nationale des sociétiés, fêminines suisses*, and in German, *Bund Schweierische Franen Vereine*, was founded at Berne in May, 1900. Any society of Swiss women having at least fifteen members may belong to it. Its objects are mutual acquaintance and good understanding among the various societies, common action with the federal authorities and the representation of Swiss women abroad.

The Federation includes at present 41 affiliated societies, including eleven from French Switzerland and six from Geneva alone. It held its fifth annual convention at Aarau in November. From a report in *Le Signal de Genève* we note these interesting points:

A report of the recent International Congress of Women at Berlin was presented, showing that Congress to have passed a resolution favoring political suffrage for women. The Women's Suffrage Congress, also held in Berlin at about the same time, endorsed the formation of an International Woman's Suffrage Association. One result will be the forming of a Swiss National Association for the study of this question and such action as may seem best.

Members of the Swiss delegation in the International Council of Women were chosen, as follows: For the press, Miss Houneger, of Zurich; on the legal status of women, Mme. Booslegher, of the same city; for finances, Mme. Chapannière, of Geneva; for peace, Mme. Steck; on the white slave trade, Mme. J. Courvoisier; on the right of suffrage, Mme. Stoeker; lastly, on the committee to consider the method of representation of the various countries (whether by races or governments—a delicate question in the case of Finland, Poland, etc.), Misses Vidart, of Geneva, and DeMulinen, of Berne.

One interesting fact is the affiliation with the Federation of a mixed organization, the Union of the Textile Industry. According to a by-law the work-women may discuss their own interests in the Federation independently of the masculine members of the union.

The question of home industry was treated in two papers. Mr. de Morsier, of Geneva, reported on the consumers' leagues. Discussion followed, to which Mrs. Foster, of Philadelphia, made an interesting contribution. A committee was appointed to pursue the matter further.

Another report was on the recent Cologne Congress against immoral literature.

One very significant resolution passed by the Federation was called out by the particularly heart-rending details of a recent trial for infanticide that has made much stir throughout Switzerland. The confessed culprit, a quiet, respectable working girl of 18, the victim of a violent assault on the part of a married employer, whose unwelcome attentions she had in vain tried to escape by change of place and occupation, was disowned by all but her mother when her condition became known. Trying as far as possible to conceal her shame, she placed the child in an asylum and struggled along to maintain it there by her earnings. Her mother, her sole comforter and moral support, died, and soon after word was sent her to remove the child from the asylum, it having reached the age limit of five years. With no one in whom to confide and utterly despairing of the future, she bought new clothes for the little one and going to the asylum took it away, explaining her intention to send it to a mythical aunt in Germany. She then led it to some woods, where, after long brooding over the problem, while it played at her feet, she finally strangled it. The first rain washed open the shallow grave and betrayed her crime. At the trial ample evidence of her uniformly good conduct and character was produced and the horrible mental torture under which the poor girl had lived for years was strongly pleaded in her defense, but she received a death sentence. This was subsequently commuted to life imprisonment, and even this has been widely felt to be a gross injustice. The seducer, who but twice contributed a pittance toward the child's support, had long since disappeared.

The National Federation of Women's Clubs having been criticized for its action relative to this case, publicly defends itself, affirming: "What has just taken place at St. Gall gives poignant actuality to the demands we have formulated in various occasions apropos of the laws then in preparation: more severe repression of immoral assaults committed on children (petition of June 21, 1901); rights of the natural child (petition of Sept. 16, 1901); protection of childhood and youth against ill treatment (petition of June 24, 1901).

"What we desired to express in our Aarau declaration was not criticism of judgments rendered by any given court, but a principle: the necessity of introducing a new element into our legislation, that of the responsibility of the father, whereas the present law hits the woman only."

The text of the original "declaration" is not before me, but one is glad that the Federation took this matter up.

M. E. H.

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